

destruction; but he is picked up alive and, after a time, begins a course of wandering which is made an excuse for the introduction of the travel scenes in Disraeli's letters from the East. Falling in again with the philosophic Winter, Contarini receives some excellent advice.

I tell you what, my friend, the period has arrived in your life when you must renounce meditation. Action is now your part. Meditation is culture. It is well to think until a man has discovered his genius, and developed his faculties, but then let him put his intelligence in motion. Act, act, act; act without ceasing, and you will no longer talk of the vanity of life.

Disraeli himself profited by this advice, but Contarini neglects it. He becomes a mere dilettante, and at the end, having inherited his father's wealth, is found devoting himself to the planning of an earthly paradise at Naples, which is to rival Hadrian's Villa. 'Here let me pass my life in the study and the creation of the beautiful: such is my desire; but,' as the author with prescient scepticism makes him add, 'whether it will be my career is, I feel, doubtful.'

My interest in the happiness of my race is too keen to permit me for a moment to be blind to the storms that lour on the horizon of society. Perchance, also, the political regeneration of the country to which I am devoted may not be distant, and in that great work I am resolved to participate. Bitter jest, that the most civilized portion of the globe should be considered incapable of self-government!

This enthusiasm for the Italian cause proved shortlived in the author, whatever may have been the case with the hero; but in all that is really essential the true completion of *Contarini*, as of *Vivian Grey* before it, and of *Coningsby* and *Tancred* later, is Disraeli's own career.

On nearly every page of *Contarini* the reader who knows Disraeli will find him lifting the veil that hides his own personality. Sometimes in those smaller touches that